

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Be hift, and wondered at if he arife.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprovided.
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and souldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods assistance, and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords ere night be cleane cut downe.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say
My teares gainsay. For as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this:

Henry our King is prisoner in the Tower,
His land, and all our friends, are quite distrest,
And yonder stands the Wolfe that makes all this;

Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.

All. Saint George for Lancaster.

*Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be discharged.
Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloster, and the rest, making a great
shout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene, Prince,
Oxford, and Somerset are taken, and then sound and enter all a-
gaine.*

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight.
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words. *Exit Oxf.*

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my death. *Exit Som.*

Edw. Now Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke;
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,

Which

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Which Traitor thou wouldst haue me answer to.

Qu. Oh that thy father had bene so resolu'd.

Glo. That you might still haue kept your peticore,
And nere haue stolne the breech from Lancaster.

Prin. Let *Aesop* fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.

Glo. By heauen brat, ile plague you for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Glo. For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.

Prin. Nay take away this scolding Crooke-backe rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Cl. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapart.

Prin. I know my duty, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all
I am your better, Traitors as you be.

Edw. Take that, thou likenesse of this railer here. *Stabs him.*

Qu. Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marry and shall.

Ed. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue done too much alreadie.

Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?

Ed. What doth she swound?

Make meanes for her recouery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

Cl. About what, prethee tell me?

Glo. The Tower man, the Tower: Ile roote them out.

Exit Gloster.

Qu. Ah Ned, speake to thy Mother boy:

Ah, thou canst not speake.

Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Homicides,

They that stab'd *Caesar* shed no blood at all,

For he was a man; this, in respect a childe,

And men nere spend their fury on a childe.

What's worse then Tyrant that I may not name?

Q²

You